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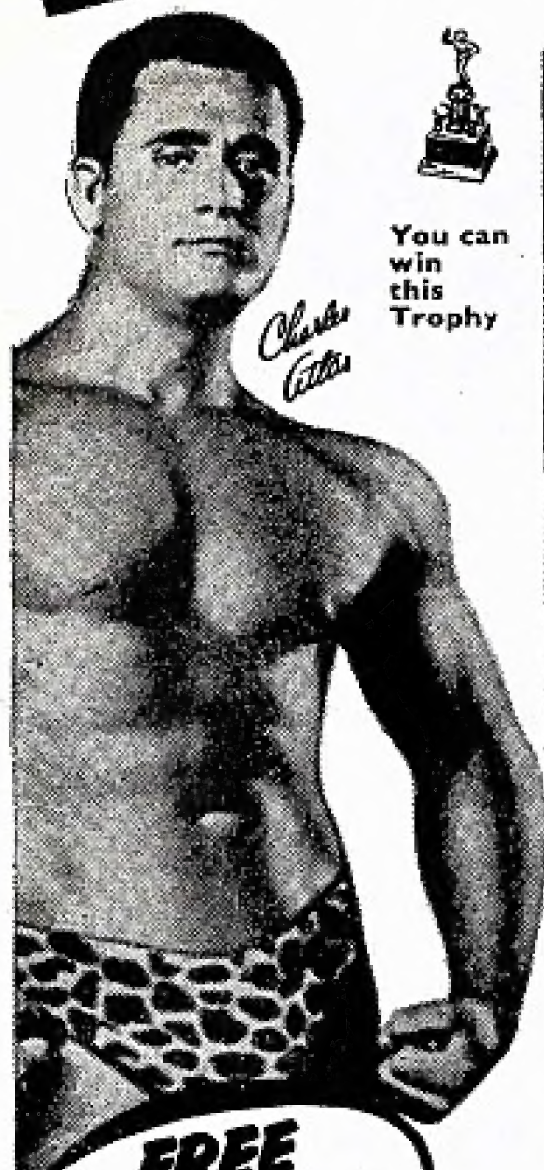
Rapid Fire



**CHARLES
ATLAS
says—**

I Trade **NEW** Bodies for **OLD**!

DO YOU WANT...



You can
win this
Trophy

*Charles
Atlas*

1 MORE MUSCLE BIGGER CHEST

Dynamic-Tension develops



your
chest
without
strenu-
ous
exercises.

2 BIG ARM MUSCLES

You'll see and feel
your arm
muscles
BULGE
out with
super power
energy.



3

TIRELESS LEGS

Dynamic-Tension
makes your
legs strong



and
powerful.

4

MORE WEIGHT

You'll put on pounds
in the
right places.
Dynamic-
Tension
rebuilds you
inside and
out.



WOULDN'T YOU like to "pick out" the kind of body you want—trade in skin and bones or flab and fat for powerful **SOLID MUSCLE** exactly where you need it? I have given thousands the kind of bodies they always wanted. Now, see what I can do for **YOU** in the coupon below. You can **CHOOSE** a muscular, broader chest . . . slimmer waistline and hips . . . new trip-hammer power for your arms and legs . . . more solid weight in the **RIGHT PLACES**. You name it, I'll show you how you can get it **FAST**—or you pay nothing!

**FREE
32-Page Book**



Charles
Atlas,
Dept. 17-B,
Chitty
Street,
London,
W.1.

Charles
Atlas
on T.V.



...THEN POST THIS NOW...

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 17-B, Chitty St., London, W.1.

Dear Charles Atlas:
Here's the kind of
Body I'd like.

☐ MORE MUSCLE
BIGGER CHEST

☐ BIG ARM
MUSCLES

☐ TIRELESS LEGS

☐ MORE WEIGHT

Send me absolutely **FREE** details of
your amazing 7-day **TRIAL OFFER**
and your famous book explaining
"Dynamic-Tension," crammed with
photographs and valuable advice. I
understand this book is mine and does
not obligate me in any way.

NAME..... **AGE**.....
(Block letters, Please)

ADDRESS

.....

RAPID FIRE

AFTER SIX UNEASY MONTHS OF "PHONEY WAR" THE GERMANS STRUCK. IGNORING THE NEUTRALITY OF OTHER LITTLE NATIONS, HITLER LAUNCHED HIS ARMIES THROUGH DEFENCELESS HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.



LEAVING THE INNOCENT COUNTRYSIDE IN FLAMING RUINS, THE GERMANS DROVE ALL BEFORE THEM, INCLUDING THE SMALL BUT GALLANT BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

Chapter 1.

TOTAL WAR

THE BREAKTHROUGH OF THE GERMAN ARMY AT SEDAN CAME AS A DEVASTATING SHOCK TO THE ALLIED MILITARY COMMAND.



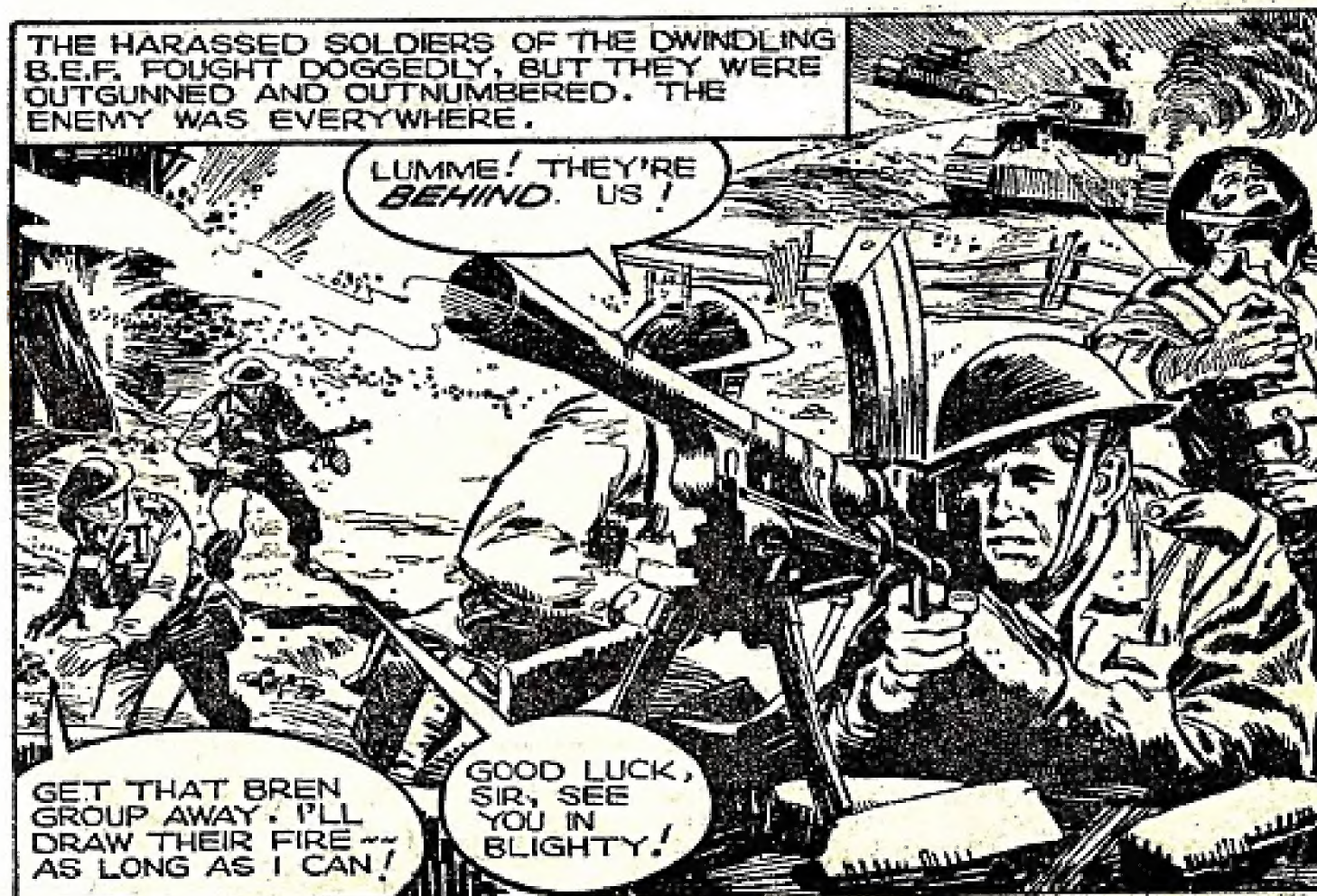
IT WAS THE "BLITZKRIEG" -- THE LIGHTNING WAR DESIGNED TO PARALYSE ALLIED DEFENCES WITH ITS SPEED AND CRUSHING POWER.

DESPERATELY, THE HARD-PRESSED BRITISH FORCE TRIED TO HOLD OUT AGAINST THE PANZER HORDE OF THE GERMAN SIXTH ARMY -- BUT IT WAS HOPELESS FROM THE START.



THAT'S THE LAST ROUND -- NOW WHAT DO WE DO?

WE'RE BEING OVER-RUN, SIR... IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF MINUTES...



Rapid Fire

MANY BRITISH UNITS WERE ALMOST WIPED OUT AND ORDERLY RETREAT WAS MADE MORE DIFFICULT BY THE FLEEING REFUGEES WHO BLOCKED THE ROADS ...

COME ON, PHIL. LET'S CUT ACROSS COUNTRY. IT'S PROBABLY QUICKER!

OUT OF THE WAY, THERE -- THIS IS HOPELESS!



CORPORAL PHIL LACEY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK STOKES, SET OFF TOGETHER ACROSS THE FIELDS. EVENTUALLY THEY CAME TO ANOTHER ROAD ... BUT THE WAR HAD PASSED THAT WAY, TOO.

POOR DEVILS! BUT IT'S A SPOT OF LUCK FOR US. WE CAN TAKE THEIR BIKES.



NOT SO FAST, PHIL! LOOK! JERRIES COMING!

THEY LAY IN HIDING AS THE GERMAN COLUMN APPROACHED -- ONLY TO GRIND TO A HALT AS TWO REFUGEES BLOCKED THE ROAD.

GET THAT JUNK OFF THE ROAD!

WE OUGHT TO HELP THESE TWO -- THEY MAY GET SHOT.

DON'T BE A FOOL, JACK -- THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!



AT THAT MOMENT, A GERMAN STAFF-CAR ROARED UP AND A FURIOUS S.S. COLONEL CLIMBED TO HIS FEET.

OFF THE ROAD, WOMAN -- I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE SECONDS!

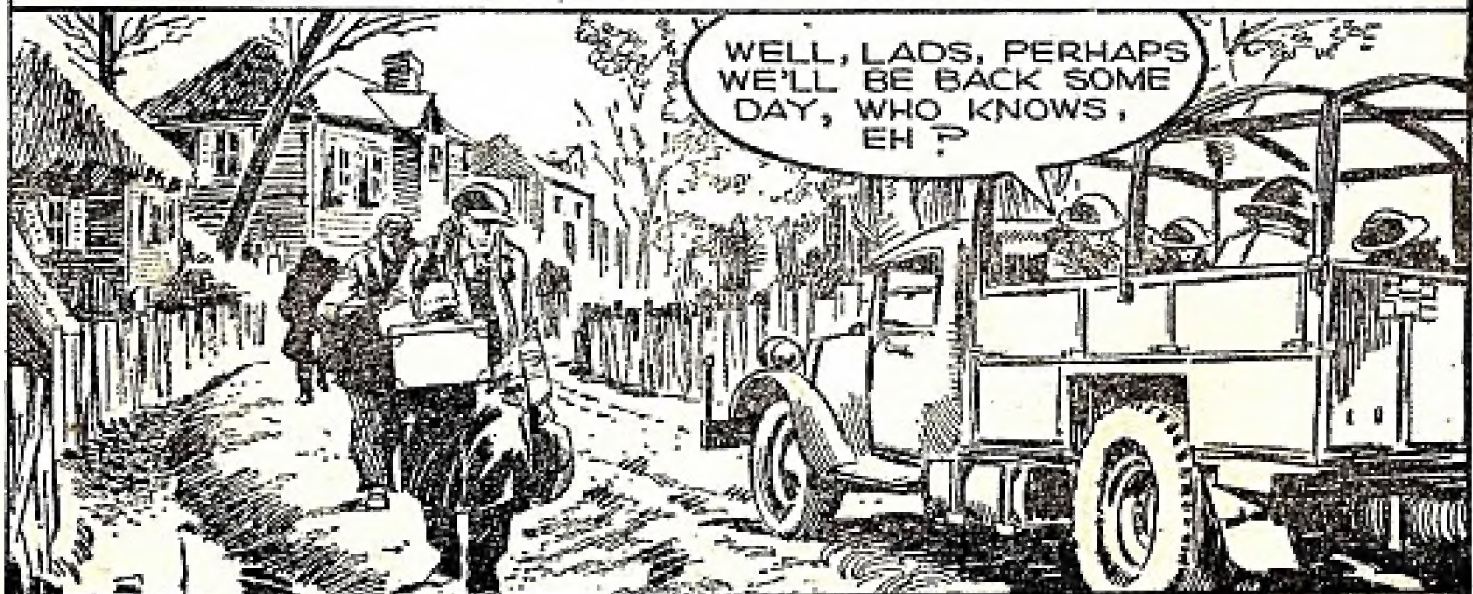
KAMARAD! KAMARAD! I'LL HELP YOU, OLD WOMAN!

HIMMEL! AN ENGLANDER!





THE GERMAN COLUMN MOVED ON AGAIN. BY A STROKE OF GOOD FORTUNE, LACEY WAS PICKED UP BY A LONE BRITISH TRUCK AND EVENTUALLY REACHED DUNKIRK AND ENGLAND.



BUT LACEY WAS SILENT. HE COULD NOT FORGET WHAT HE HAD SEEN. ONE CHANCE NAME CONTINUED TO BEAT IN HIS HEAD LIKE A HAMMER BLOW...KLAUSS...KLAUSS... THE BRUTE WHO HAD WANTONLY MURDERED HIS FRIEND.

Chapter 2. The AGGRESSIVE SPIRIT

AFTER THE MIRACLE EVACUATION OF THE B.E.F. FROM DUNKIRK, ENGLAND WAITED AND PRAYED TO BE GIVEN TIME TO RE-ARM.

TAKE COVER, CHAPS. IF THEY'RE PARATROOPS... WE KNOW WHAT TO DO!

THERE'S NOT MUCH WE CAN DO... WE'VE ONLY GOT THREE RIFLES BETWEEN US.

BUT INSTEAD OF INVASION, HITLER CHOSE TO BLAST LONDON AND OTHER MAJOR CITIES INTO SUBMISSION.

BANDITS, FIVE O'CLOCK... GOING IN NOW... TALLY-HO!

ACHTUNG! THESE SPITFIRES ARE DEVILS OUT OF HELL... AAAGH!



Rapid Fire

WHILE A FEW FEARLESS YOUNG R.A.F. PILOTS MADE HISTORY BLASTING THE GERMANS OUT OF ENGLAND'S PROUD SKIES...

THERE GOES ANOTHER JERRY! THOSE LADS ARE DOING A CHAMPION JOB UP THERE.

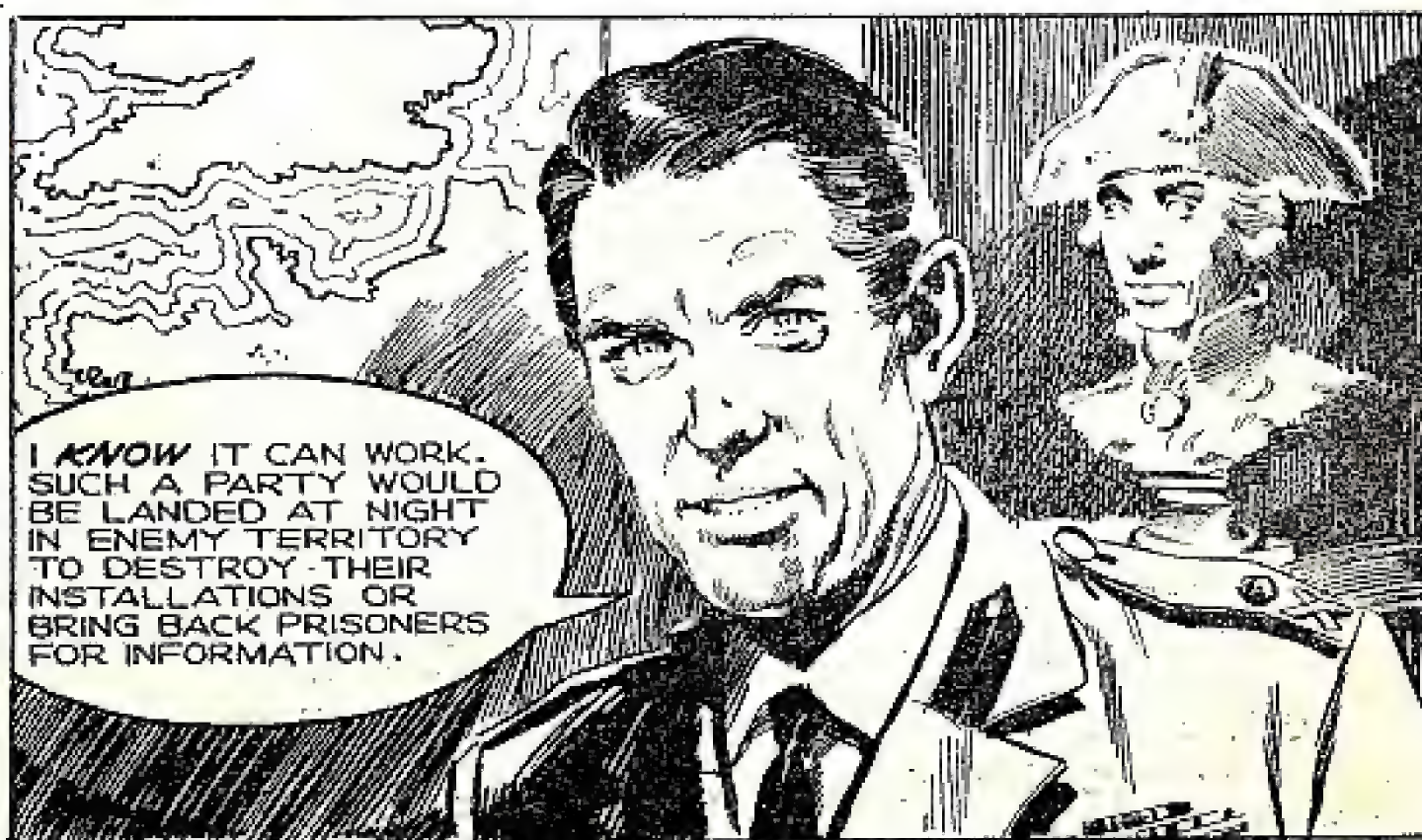
THAT'S ANOTHER TEN GUNS COMPLETED FOR DELIVERY.

...MUNITIONS WERE COMING OFF THE PRODUCTION LINES IN GREATER AND GREATER NUMBERS.

BRITAIN WAS DEFENDING HERSELF. BUT WAS THIS ENOUGH? THE OLD MAXIM TEACHES THAT THE BEST FORM OF DEFENCE IS ATTACK.

I WONDER IF I'LL GET ANY OFFICIAL BACKING. I KNOW I'M RIGHT, BUT...







MONTHS PASSED. MANY OF THE B.E.F. VETERANS HAD BEEN PROMOTED AND WERE NOW INSTRUCTING THE RAW RECRUITS IN THE SAVAGE ART OF WAR.



SERGEANT LACEY STIFFENED AT THE OFFICER'S MILD WORDS OF REPROOF.

CAN'T HAVE THIS HATRED STUFF, LACEY. PUTS WRONG IDEAS INTO THE HEADS OF THESE YOUNG MEN. IT IS PRECISELY THE ATTITUDE THAT WE'RE FIGHTING *AGAINST*!

BUT THE SEEDS OF BITTERNESS WERE PLANTED DEEP IN LACEY'S HEART. LATER, HE TOLD HIS PLATOON COMMANDER ABOUT IT.

THE C.O. DOESN'T APPROVE OF ME, SIR.

IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW, SERGEANT. LISTEN, I'VE BEEN SELECTED FOR SOME SORT OF RAIDING PARTIES. I'M TO CHOOSE SOME N.C.O.s...

I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE A GO AT JERRY AGAIN, SIR!

GOOD MAN! I'LL HAVE TO GET ROUND THE C.O. HE WON'T LIKE LOSING HIS KEENEST N.C.O.s, WHATEVER HE THINKS OF THEM.

Rapid Fire

SERGEANT LACEY AND HIS PLATOON COMMANDER WERE RELEASED FROM THEIR TRAINING DUTIES TO JOIN A NEWLY-FORMED COMMANDO UNIT. THERE WERE MANY NEW THINGS TO LEARN.



WE WILL WORK IN CLOSE LIAISON WITH THE NAVY. WE WILL GET TO KNOW THEM AND RELY UPON THEM, FOR THESE OPERATIONS WILL ESSENTIALLY BE "COMBINED OPERATIONS".

AS COMMANDOS WE'VE GOT TO BE TOUGHER AND BE ABLE TO KEEP GOING LONGER THAN THE ORDINARY SOLDIER. IF ANY MAN DEFAULTS, IN DISCIPLINE OR IN ACTION, **HE WILL BE SENT BACK TO HIS UNIT!**



LACEY ESPECIALLY TOOK THESE WORDS TO HEART.

THIS IS ONE CHANCE I'M **NOT** GOING TO LOSE. I'LL BE TOUGHER AND BETTER THAN ALL OF THEM!



BUT LACEY DID NOT YET REALISE HOW MUCH TROUBLE HIS DETERMINATION WAS GOING TO CAUSE.

HE PUT EVERYTHING HE KNEW INTO HIS TRAINING...

WELL DONE, LACEY!



AN INCIDENT DURING UNARMED COMBAT TRAINING SHOULD HAVE WARNED HIM, BUT IT DID NOT. LACEY WAS PAIRED OFF WITH HIS EX-PLATOON COMMANDER, LIEUTENANT HARDING.

NOW, WE'RE NOT SOFTIES. DON'T PULL YOUR PUNCHES TOO MUCH. IMAGINE HE REALLY IS THE ENEMY...

RIGHT, LACEY. SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE ME UNAWARES.



AS LACEY LEAPED FORWARD, HE SUDDENLY FORGOT THE PRESENT. HE SAW ONLY IN HIS MIND'S EYE TWO FIGURES ON A ROAD IN FRANCE.





LACEY WAS PROVING HIMSELF A TOUGH AND EFFICIENT SOLDIER ~~ BUT THERE WAS A SINGLE-PURPOSENESS ABOUT HIM THAT TROUBLED HIS SENIORS.

GOOD N.C.O. ~~ LACEY... BUT HE'S GOT A BEE IN HIS BONNET ABOUT THE JERRIES!

SORT OF MAN WE WANT, IN A WAY... BUT I AGREE IT'S A LITTLE FRIGHTENING.



NOR DID THE N.C.O.'S AND MEN FIND LACEY AN EASY MAN TO UNDERSTAND.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF LACEY? UNSOCIABLE CHARACTER!

I HEAR HE SAW HIS BEST FRIEND KILLED IN COLD BLOOD BY THE JERRIES ~~ AND HE'S NEVER FORGOTTEN IT!



SOON A SMALL RAID WAS PLANNED -- AND LACEY WAS ONE OF THOSE CHOSEN TO TAKE PART.

A SMALL RECCE PARTY, SERGEANT, LANDING ON ONE OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS ... BIT OF A TRIAL TRIP, REALLY...

THAT'S JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR, SIR ... WHEN DO WE GO ?

THE RAIDING PARTY SET OUT TWO DAYS LATER. CAPTAIN SPLICE, SERGEANT LACEY AND A HANDFUL OF MEN WERE TO LAND.

THE DESTROYER WILL PICK US UP AT NIGHTFALL. SHOULDN'T BE MANY JERRIES ABOUT, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO LOOK FOR TROUBLE.

NOW, REMEMBER, IT'S *INFORMATION* WE WANT. LACEY, TAKE YOUR PARTY *THAT WAY* -- AND GOOD LUCK!



THE TWO PARTIES SET OFF IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS, SEEKING EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO HARASS THE ENEMY'S LINES OF COMMUNICATION.

WELL, WHAT IS IT?

SOME SORT OF A BUILDING OVER THERE! MIGHT BE A COASTGUARD STATION.



SERGEANT LACEY LED HIS PARTY TO WITHIN SIGHT OF THE BUILDING. IT APPEARED TO BE DESERTED.



LACEY AND HIS COMPANION FOUND IT EASY ENOUGH TO MAKE AN ENTRY, AND THEY SOON SAW THAT THE BUILDING WAS IN USE.



Rapid Fire

THERE WAS A CLATTER OF MOVEMENT UPSTAIRS--THE BUILDING WAS NOT QUITE AS EMPTY AS IT SEEMED.

SOMEONE DOWNSTAIRS.

LISTEN! WHAT WAS THAT?

IT MAY BE ONE OF OUR OFFICERS-- QUICKLY!

WITH GUILTY CONSCIENCES, THE GERMANS RUSHED DOWNSTAIRS... BUT THE SIGHT THAT MET THEIR EYES AS THEY BURST INTO THE DOWNSTAIRS ROOM BROUGHT THEM TO A HORRIFIED STANDSTILL.



THE SIGHT OF THE FIELD-GRAY UNIFORMS FILLED LACEY WITH AN UNCONTROLLABLE HATRED AND HIS REACTIONS WERE INSTANTANEOUS.

YOU FILTHY SWINE!



A MOMENT LATER, THE GERMANS WERE SPRAWLED LIFELESS ON THE FLOOR. WITHIN MINUTES, CAPTAIN SPLICE AND HIS PARTY ARRIVED ON THE SCENE.

WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON? YOU FOOL LACEY... DID YOU HAVE TO SHOOT THEM?

I'M SORRY, SIR! I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE UNARMED.



YOU COULD HAVE GUESSED THEY WERE UNARMED -- LOOK AT THE RIFLES STILL IN THE RACKS HERE. I DON'T DOUBT YOUR COURAGE, LACEY --- BUT I EXPECT DISCIPLINED TEAM-WORK, NOT PERSONAL ACTS OF REVENGE... NOW LET'S GET GOING.

YESSIR!



THE PARTY WITHDREW SAFELY TO THE BEACH, WHERE THEY WERE TAKEN TO THE WAITING WARSHIP.

Chapter 3.

BOFFIN PARTY

BY 1943, R.A.F. BOMBER COMMAND WERE BEGINNING TO POUND GERMANY'S INDUSTRIAL AREAS WITH AN EVER-INCREASING WEIGHT OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES AND INCENDIARIES.



BUT THEY WERE HAZARDOUS OPERATIONS AND MANY AIRCRAFT AND THEIR CREWS FAILED TO RETURN.

FROM THE COASTS OF OCCUPIED EUROPE ALL THE WAY TO THEIR TARGETS, THE BOMBERS HAD TO RUN A TERRIFYING GAUNTLET OF FLAK AND FIGHTER ATTACKS.

BANDIT'S SIGHTED!
THEY'RE ON
TO US
AGAIN.



THE CASUALTIES BECAME HEAVIER AND HEAVIER AS RAID AFTER RAID WAS INTERCEPTED BY FAST, HEAVILY-ARMED FIGHTERS.



TWO MORE DOWN! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT THROUGH TO THE TARGET.

THE CREWS THAT RETURNED HAD GRIM TALES TO TELL THEIR INTERROGATING OFFICERS.

IT WAS A MASSACRE! ANYBODY WOULD THINK THEY *KNEW* WE WERE COMING.



THIS CAN'T GO ON. DO YOU THINK THERE'S A SECURITY LEAK?

IT SEEMED THAT THE GERMAN FIGHTERS WERE ALWAYS ALERTED, READY TO INTERCEPT EACH BOMBER FORMATION. THEN... RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT MADE A DRAMATIC DISCOVERY.

THIS IS THE IMPORTANT SECTION OF THE FILM, SIR. YOU SEE, THERE, ON THAT BUILDING. SURELY, IT'S SOME SORT OF RADAR DEVICE.

I'VE SENT FOR A KEY BOFFIN. HE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP US.

THE SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR PRATNEY WAS AS MYSTIFIED AS THE OTHERS.

IF ONLY I COULD JUST LOOK AT IT. ANY CHANCE OF BEING PARACHUTED IN? I'M GAME FOR A TRY.

IMPOSSIBLE! NEVER GET AWAY AGAIN WITH THE INFORMATION.

I SAY, WHAT ABOUT THOSE COMMANDOS! SOUNDS LIKE THEIR SORT OF JOB.



SOON IT WAS ARRANGED TO TAKE PROFESSOR PRATNEY OVER UNDER THE COVER OF A COMMANDO FORCE.

WE'LL SUPPLY A SUBMARINE TO TAKE AND COLLECT PRATNEY. THE COMMANDOS WILL GO IN MOTOR LAUNCHES.

PROFESSOR PRATNEY, WE'D BETTER PUT YOU IN SOME SORT OF UNIFORM.

I'M A PRIVATE IN THE HOME GUARD. I'LL WEAR THAT ~ AND BE PROUD OF IT.

THE RAID MUST BE SMALL. IT IS ESSENTIAL WE DO NOT STIR UP A HORNET'S NEST!

THE MEN OF THE RAIDING PARTY WERE SPECIALLY SELECTED ~ THE TOUGHEST OF A TOUGH BREED.

SERGEANT LACEY! I'LL TAKE YOU ALSO... BUT I'M TAKING A RISK... AND YOU KNOW WHY!

SIR!





YOU'RE TOO QUICK ON THE TRIGGER AT THE SIGHT OF A GERMAN, SERGEANT. *THIS* TIME, WE'RE OUT TO *AVOID* TROUBLE. O'YOU THINK YOU CAN RESTRAIN YOURSELF?

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. YOU CAN RELY ON ME.

THE RECENTLY-PROMOTED MAJOR SPLICE GAVE A CURT NOD AND PASSED ON TO THE SECOND RANK.



HUH! LACEY'S COMING...WE AREN'T HALF IN FOR A SCRAP! REMEMBER LAST TIME?

YOU'RE TELLING *ME* MATE!

STOP THAT TALKING IN THE FRONT RANK.

THERE FOLLOWED A WEEK OF INTENSIVE TRAINING ON A SELECTED ENGLISH FORESHORE. THEN CAME THE ACTUAL BRIEFING.

HERE'S THE MODEL OF OUR OBJECTIVE. PROFESSOR PRATNEY WANTS TO HAVE A LOOK AT IT-- AT VERY CLOSE QUARTERS! WE'RE GOING TO HELP HIM.



I MAY NEED ABOUT THREE OR FOUR HOURS... THEN YOU CAN SMASH IT UP IF YOU LIKE, AND ENJOY YOURSELVES.

HE'S A CARD, THIS BOFFIN!



MAJOR SPLICE CARRIED ON...

WE LAND BEFORE DAWN, DEAL WITH THE GUARDS AND LET THE PROFESSOR GET ON WITH IT. NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY...



THE COMMANDO LEADER BEGAN TO DISCUSS THE RAID IN DETAIL.

THERE WERE FLAK POSITIONS AROUND THE RADAR SITE AND A GERMAN PANZER DIVISION WAS STATIONED SOME FIVE MILES AWAY.

IF THOSE PANZERS ARE ALERTED, THEY'LL BE DOWN ON US LIKE A TON OF BRICKS. SO THERE MUST BE NO NOISE.

THAT PANZER DIVISION IS COMMANDED BY A FIRE-EATER CALLED GENERAL KLAUSS, RECENTLY RETURNED FROM THE RUSSIAN FRONT. HE'S GOT A PRETTY TOUGH REPUTATION.

AT THE SUDDEN MENTION OF THE NAME "KLAUSS", LACEY'S HEART MISSED A BEAT.



CAN IT BE THE SAME ONE - IT MUST BE! IF I COULD ONLY MEET THAT BUTCHER AGAIN...

NEXT DAY WAS A TIME OF INTENSE BUT CAREFUL PREPARATION. SERGEANT LACEY WAS SITTING BY HIMSELF WHEN ANOTHER SERGEANT LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER.



HEY, WHAT'VE YOU GOT THERE, LACEY, A TELESCOPIC SIGHT? WHY ARE YOU TAKING *THAT*?



LACEY LOOKED UP QUICKLY - AND PUT THE SIGHT INTO HIS POCKET.

OH... WELL, YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT MAY HAPPEN. BE PREPARED FOR *ANYTHING*, THAT'S WHAT I SAY.

SOON THE MEN WERE PARADED ON THE QUAYSIDE FOR EMBARKATION IN THEIR MOTOR-LAUNCHES. MAJOR SPLICE GAVE HIS FINAL ORDERS.

OUR 'PASSENGER' HAS GONE IN THE SUBMARINE. WE RENDEZVOUS WITH HIM AT O-FOUR-THIRTY HOURS.



MISTER BRIGGS, YOU'RE IN COMMAND OF THE RIGHT-FLANK COVER PARTY... AND YOU, SERGEANT LACEY, THE OTHER - ON THE PANZER DIVISION SIDE. YOU'LL HAVE THE FARTHEST TO GO.



AN HOUR LATER, AS THE BOATS WERE HEADING FOR THE BELGIAN COAST. THERE CAME THE FIRST ALARM...

ENEMY AIRCRAFT COMING UP ASTERN, SIR!



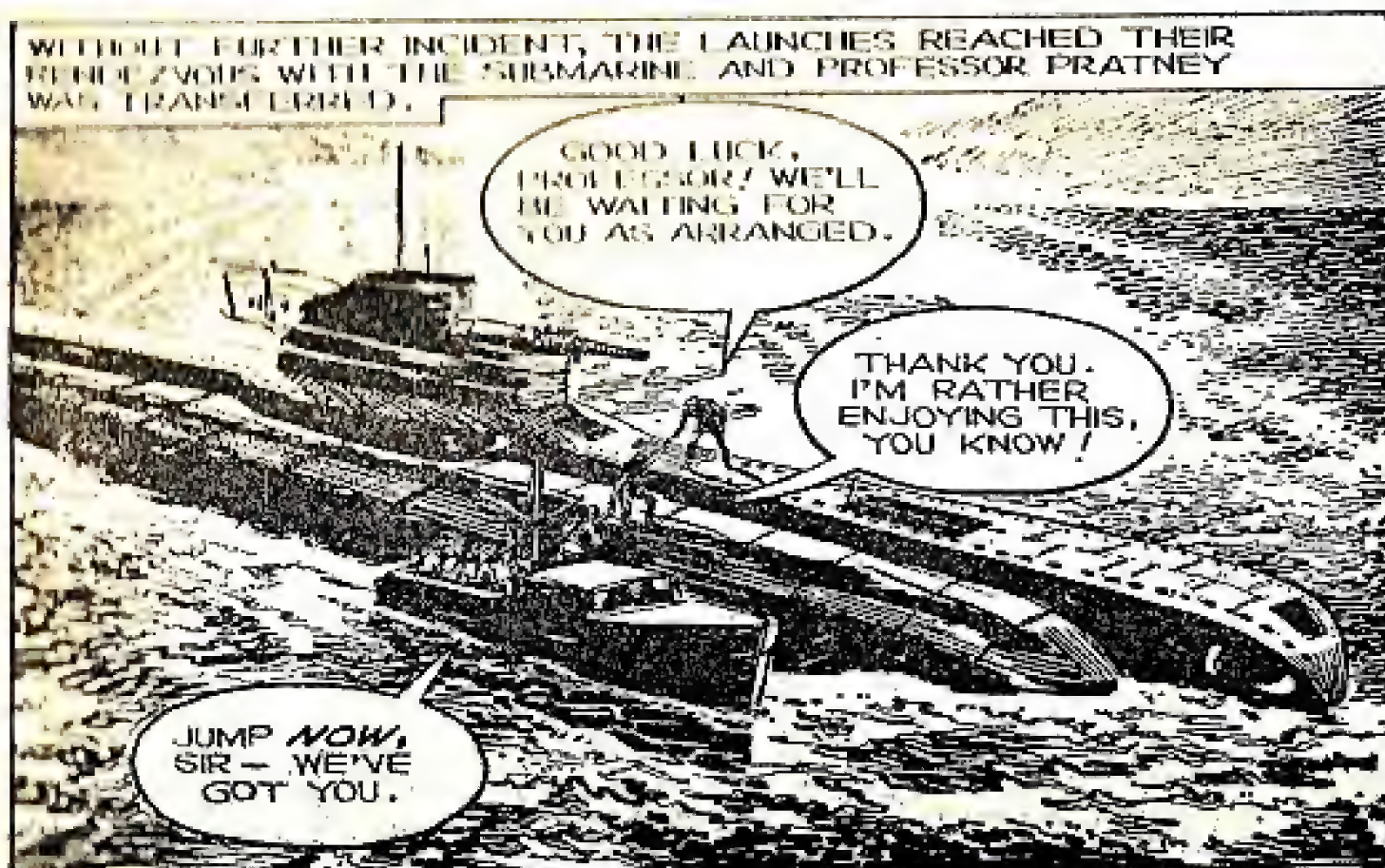
KEEP DOWN, MEN, AND DON'T MOVE!

BUT THE PLANE PASSED BY THE SMALL FLOTILLA WITHOUT DEVIATING FROM ITS COURSE TO INVESTIGATE.



IT'S ALL RIGHT -- HE'S HEADING AWAY. HE COULDN'T HAVE SEEN US.

WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT, THE LAUNCHES REACHED THEIR RENDEZVOUS WITH THE SUBMARINE AND PROFESSOR PRATNEY WAS TRANSFERRED.



GOOD LUCK, PROFESSOR! WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU AS ARRANGED.

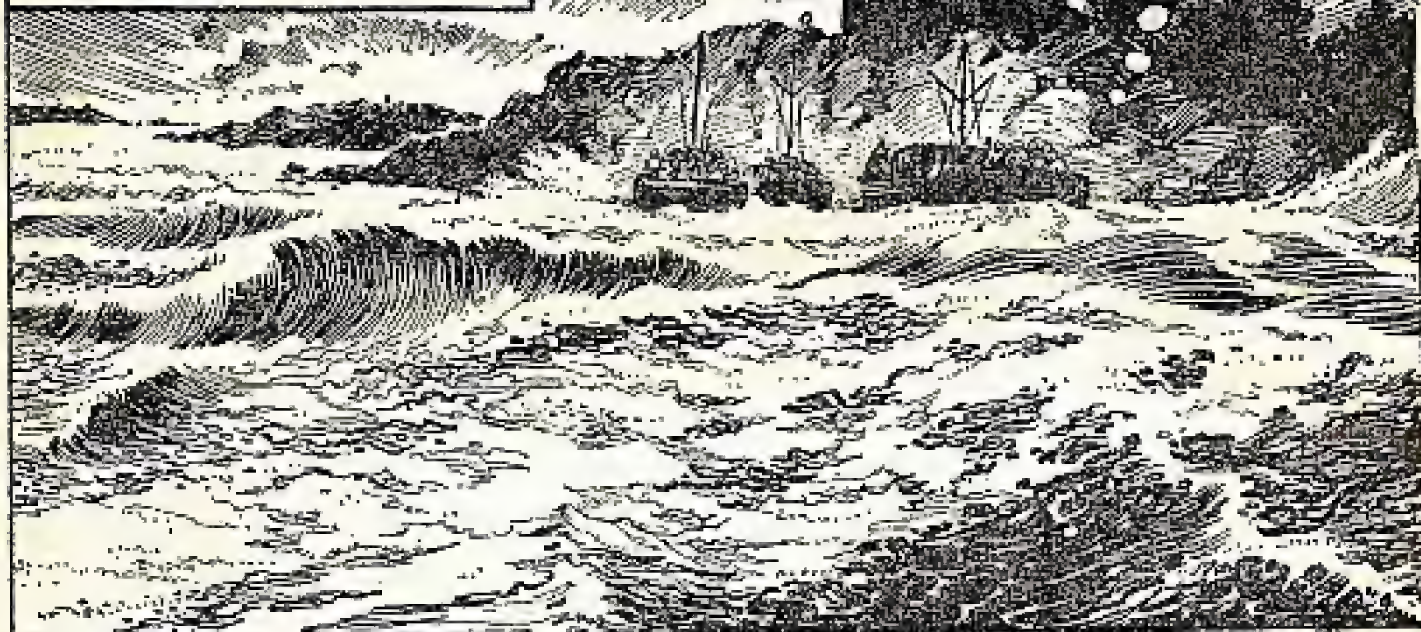
THANK YOU. I'M RATHER ENJOYING THIS, YOU KNOW!

JUMP NOW, SIR -- WE'VE GOT YOU.

THE MOTOR-LAUNCHES CREPT INSHORE WITH ENGINES TICKING OVER, THE MEN SWIFTLY TAKING THEIR BEARINGS IN THE FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE BOATS' HULLS CRUNCHED SOFTLY ON THE SAND ...

IT'S JUST LIKE THE MODEL.

CAN'T SEE IT... BUT THE CREEK FOR THE BOATS MUST BE ABOUT FIVE FINGERS RIGHT.



LEAVING THE CREWS AND A SMALL GUARD BY THE LAUNCHES, THE COMMANDOS SWARMED ASHORE AND BEGAN TO CLIMB THE CLIFF-FACE.

THE PROFESSOR LOOKS MORE OF A CARD THAN EVER—IN THAT OLD 'HOME GUARD' UNIFORM OF HIS!



WHILE THE OTHER PARTIES WENT OFF IN THEIR VARIOUS DIRECTIONS, PROFESSOR PRATNEY'S PARTY GOT HIM WELL UNDER COVER—AND THE MAJOR TOOK A CAREFUL LOOK ROUND.



YES, THERE'S THE HOUSE—JUST AS I IMAGINED IT. GOOD! THEY'RE JUST ABOUT TO CHANGE THE GUARD.

Rapid Fire

SO FAR, EVERYTHING HAD GONE TO TIME. EVEN THE GERMAN GUARD, AS MAJOR SPICE NOTED, WERE PUNCTUAL TO THE MINUTE IN HANDING OVER TO THEIR DAY RELIEF.



CHECKING HIS WATCH, MAJOR SPICE GAVE A PRE-ARRANGED BIRD CALL...AND SEVERAL KHAKI FIGURES BEGAN TO CREEP UP BEHIND THEIR UNSUSPECTING QUARRIES.

ONLY
ANOTHER FIVE
YARDS...

STEADY, FRITZ...
NOW, DON'T LOOK
ROUND!



A STEP ON THE GRAVEL HERE... A RUSTLE OF BUSHES THERE...
BUT THE SENTRIES NEVER HAD TIME TO SOUND THE ALARM...



MEANWHILE, OTHERS RAN INTO THE HOUSE AND DEALT WITH THE OCCUPANTS IN THE SAME RUTHLESS FASHION! A SIGNAL WAS GIVEN AND PROFESSOR PRATNEY WAS HURRIED IN.

WELL DONE! IT'S GONE LIKE A DREAM SO FAR. NOW, HURRY UP, PRATNEY. EVERY SECOND IS VITAL FROM NOW ON.



THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE RADAR SITE WAS THE PROFESSOR'S IMMEDIATE INTEREST.

IN HERE, SIR!

AT LAST WE'LL SEE WHAT ALL THIS IS ABOUT.

IT'S ALL YOURS NOW, PRATNEY.



THE SCIENTIST SEATED HIMSELF EAGERLY BEFORE THE APPARATUS THAT HAD BEEN INSTRUMENTAL IN CAUSING SO MUCH HAVOC IN THE R.A.F. BOMBER FLEETS.

HMM! LUCKY I READ BOTH FRENCH AND GERMAN.

THESE TWO MEN WILL GUARD YOU. ASK THEM FOR ANYTHING YOU WANT. I'M GOING ROUND TO CHECK UP ON OUR POSITION. GOOD LUCK!

MEANWHILE, SERGEANT LACEY HAD PLACED HIS MEN IN DEFENSIVE POSITIONS WELL FORWARD OF THE HOUSE.

LET'S HOPE THEY STAY THERE, MATE!

BEYOND THAT RIDGE - THAT'S WHERE JERRY'S PANZER DIV. IS SUPPOSED TO BE.



WHEN THE MEN HAD SETTLED IN, LACEY TOOK HIS CORPORAL ASIDE.

LISTEN, CORPORAL, I'M LEAVING YOU IN CHARGE FOR A WHILE. I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB TO DO.

BUT, SERGEANT...

NO ARGUMENTS, CORPORAL. YOU KNOW YOUR ORDERS.

THE MOMENT HE WAS OUT OF SIGHT OF HIS MEN, SERGEANT LACEY TURNED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE PANZER DIVISION'S POSITION.

LET'S HOPE THE SWINE IS THERE. JUST ONE SIGHT OF HIM — THAT'S ALL I WANT.

LACEY'S MIND HAD BECOME DOMINATED BY ONE THOUGHT EVER SINCE HE HAD HEARD AGAIN THAT HATEFUL NAME OF "KLAUSS".

MOVING AT A COMMANDO DOG-TROT, THE SERGEANT MADE GROUND SWIFTLY YET CAUTIOUSLY. HE FELT IN HIS POCKET FOR HIS TELESCOPIC LENS.

SHOULDN'T BE MUCH FARTHER NOW.



DESPITE HIS SINGLE-MINDED HATRED OF THE GERMAN, KLAUSS, LACEY HAD NO INTENTION OF ALERTING THE GERMAN DIVISION.

IT WAS A MAD ENTERPRISE -- BUT LACEY WAS TEMPORARILY MAD. HE HAD GONE ABOUT THREE MILES, WHEN HE CAME TO A BRIDGE ACROSS A RIVER. IMMEDIATELY, HIS SOLDIER'S INSTINCT WARNED HIM TO TAKE EXTRA CARE.

SEEMS TO BE NO ONE ABOUT...



LACEY LOOKED FOR SENTRIES, BUT SAW NONE. HE SPURTED DOWN TO THE BRIDGE... AND CROSSED IN THE SHADOW OF ONE OF THE PARAPETS.



BUT THE SENTRIES *WERE* THERE! GENERAL KLAUSS HAD LEARNED A FEW BITTER LESSONS ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT AND DID NOT LEAVE HIS SENTRIES IN FULL VIEW.

HIMMEL! AN ENGLANDER! SHALL WE SHOOT, KARL?

NEIN! WAIT A MOMENT! WE'LL WATCH WHERE HE GOES... AND FOLLOW HIM! PERHAPS HE WILL LEAD US TO THE OTHERS!



EVEN HIS COMMANDO TRAINING DID NOT TELL LACEY THAT HE, THE HUNTER, WAS BEING STALKED.



AS IF IN ANSWER TO LACEY'S SILENT QUESTION, A STAFF CAR DREW UP CLOSE TO A HUT--AND AN OFFICER CLIMBED OUT. THE SERGEANT GAVE A HISS OF EXCITEMENT.



Rapid Fire



THE GERMAN'S SAVAGE BLOW HAD KNOCKED LACEY OUT COLD.

WELL DONE, KARL!
YOU KEEP GUARD
HERE, THERE MAY
BE MORE OF
THEM. I WILL
TAKE THIS
PIG BACK
TO CAMP.



WITHOUT DELAY, THE COMMANDO'S LIMP BODY WAS CARRIED INTO THE GERMAN CAMP AND HIS CAPTOR REPORTED TO THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER.



WHAT! IN KHAKI,
YOU SAY! IT MUST BE
A COMMANDO! THEY
MUST BE CARRYING OUT
A RAID IN THIS SECTOR.
BRING HIM IN
QUICKLY!

Rapid Fire

STILL DAZED, SERGEANT LACEY WAS DRAGGED BEFORE THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER. AS THE INTERROGATION WENT ON HE KNEW HE COULD EXPECT NO MERCY FROM THE THIN-LIPPED GERMAN.



LACEY KNEW, THEN, WHAT A TERRIBLE THING HE HAD DONE. HE MUST NOT TALK... **HE MUST NOT!**



FOR THE SAKE OF HIS OWN PERSONAL REVENGE, LACEY HAD JEOPARDISED THE WHOLE VITAL MISSION.

GET IN THERE-- AND KEEP QUIET! YOU WILL BE WANTED LATER!



LACEY FELT HIS HEAD WAS BURSTING WITH THE HORROR OF HIS SITUATION. OUTSIDE THE HUT HE COULD HEAR POWERFUL ENGINES ROARING INTO LIFE.

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! THE PROFESSOR WILL NEVER GET HIS JOB DONE NOW. HE AND THE OTHERS WILL BE KILLED!

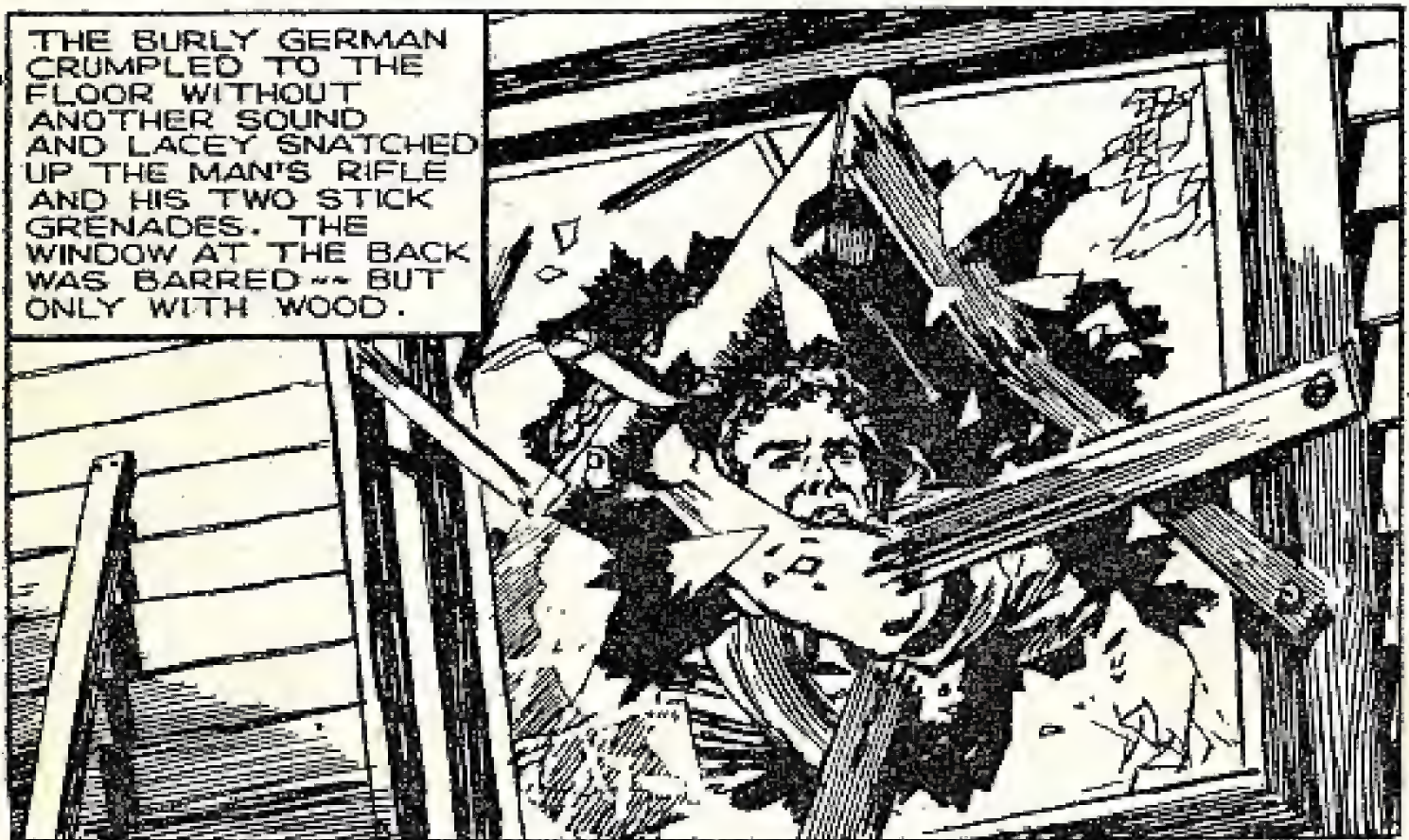


HE FOUGHT FOR SELF-CONTROL-- AND WON IT. FIERCE DETERMINATION SEIZED HIM. HE MUST TRY TO ESCAPE AT ALL COSTS AND WARN THE RAIDING PARTY.

ALERT NOW, HE TENSED AS A GUARD FUMBLING AT THE DOOR. MOVING LIGHTNING-FAST, LACEY SPRANG BEHIND THE OPENING DOOR. THEN ...

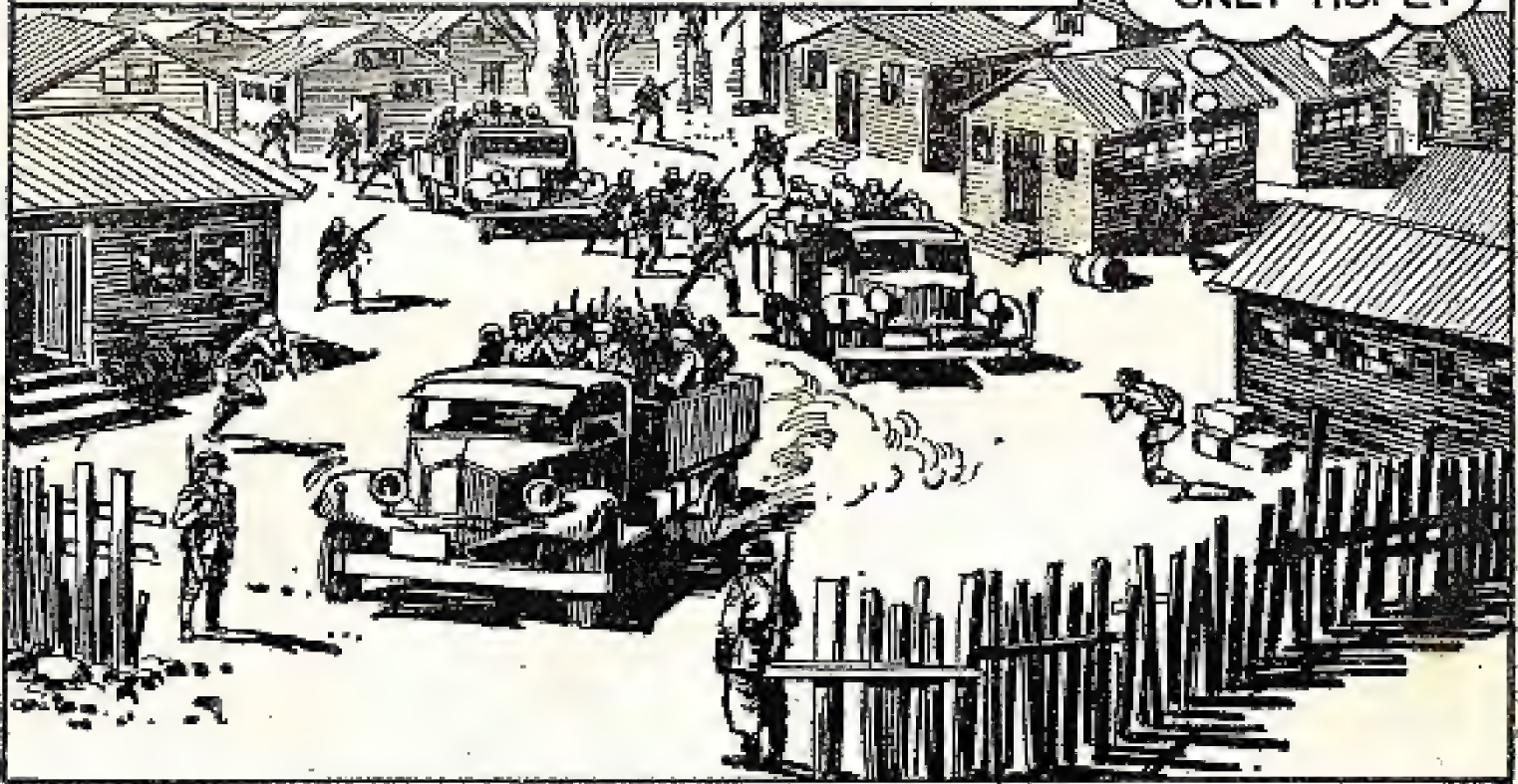


THE BURLY GERMAN CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR WITHOUT ANOTHER SOUND AND LACEY SNATCHED UP THE MAN'S RIFLE AND HIS TWO STICK GRENADES. THE WINDOW AT THE BACK WAS BARRED -- BUT ONLY WITH WOOD.



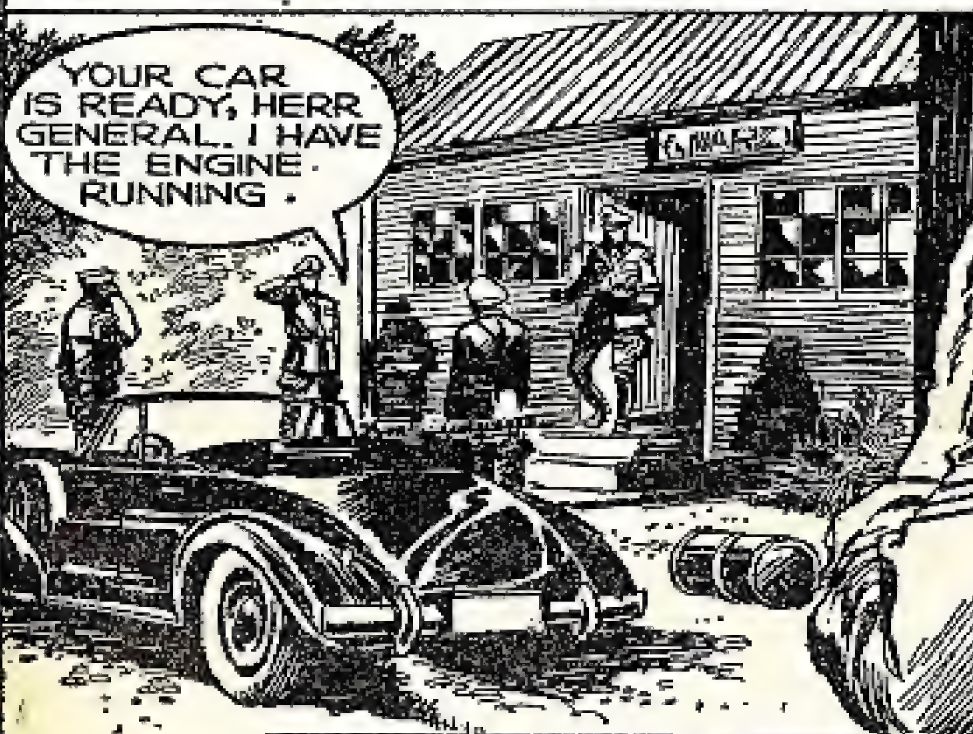
NEXT MOMENT, THE SERGEANT WAS CROUCHING IN THE SHADOWS OF THE HUT WALL, HIS BREAK-OUT UNNOTICED IN THE GENERAL CONFUSION.

IN ALL THIS RACKET, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET AWAY! IT'S MY ONLY HOPE!



SUDDENLY, AS HE CAME TO A CLEARING BETWEEN THE HUTS, LACEY STOPPED AND FROZE INTO THE SHADOWS.

YOUR CAR IS READY, HERR GENERAL. I HAVE THE ENGINE RUNNING.



SUDDENLY LACEY'S HATRED WELLED UP IN HIM AGAIN. FATE HAD GIVEN HIM ANOTHER CHANCE!

INSTINCTIVELY, HE BROUGHT THE GERMAN RIFLE UP TO THE AIM...



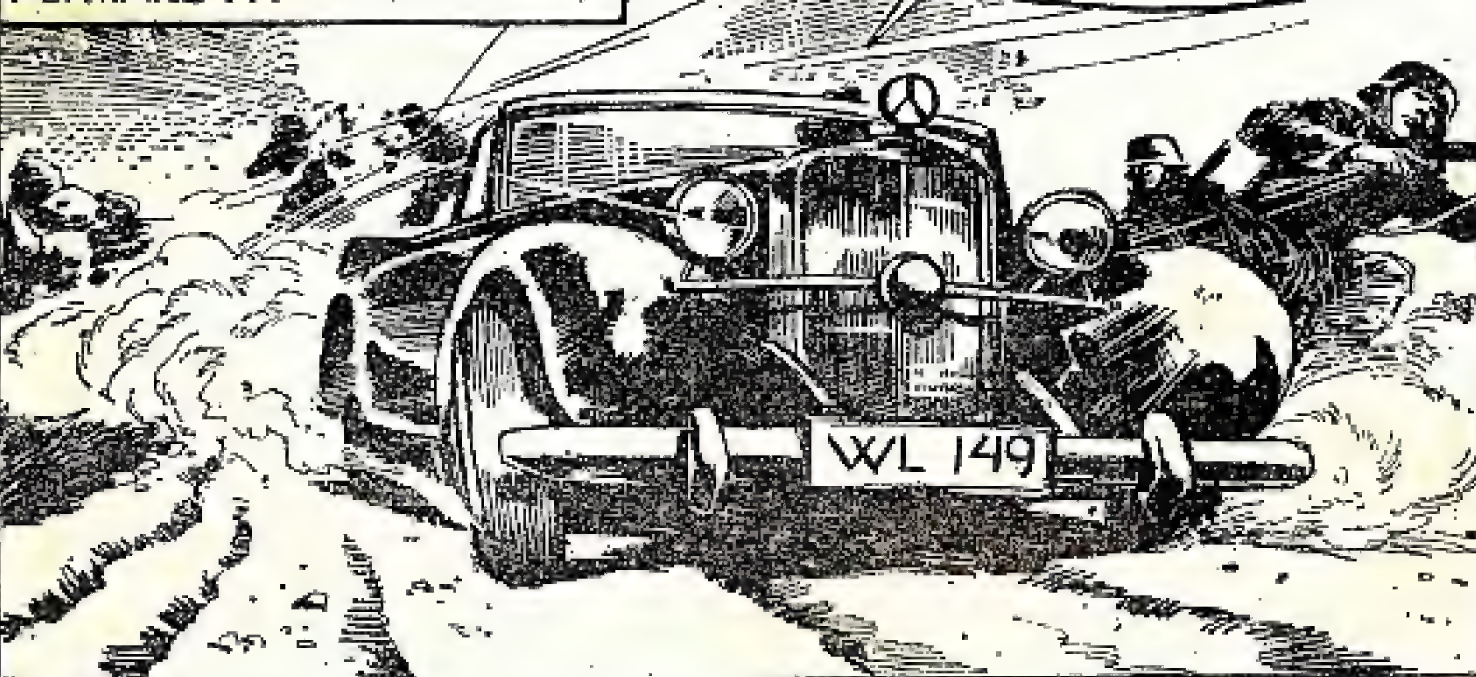
...AND THEN CHECKED. AFTER ALL, WHAT WAS TAKING KLAUSS' LIFE AGAINST SAVING THOSE OF HIS COMRADES?

SUDDENLY, HE HAD A MUCH BETTER IDEA. THE DRIVER WAS OUT OF THE CAR AND THE ENGINE WAS RUNNING. LACEY SPRANG OUT OF THE SHADOWS.



DESPERATELY LACEY LET IN THE CLUTCH -- AND SLAMMED HIS FOOT ON THE ACCELERATOR...

THE POWERFUL ENGINE RESPONDING TO THE TOUCH LIKE A RACEHORSE TO THE SPUR, THE CAR ROCKETED FORWARD...

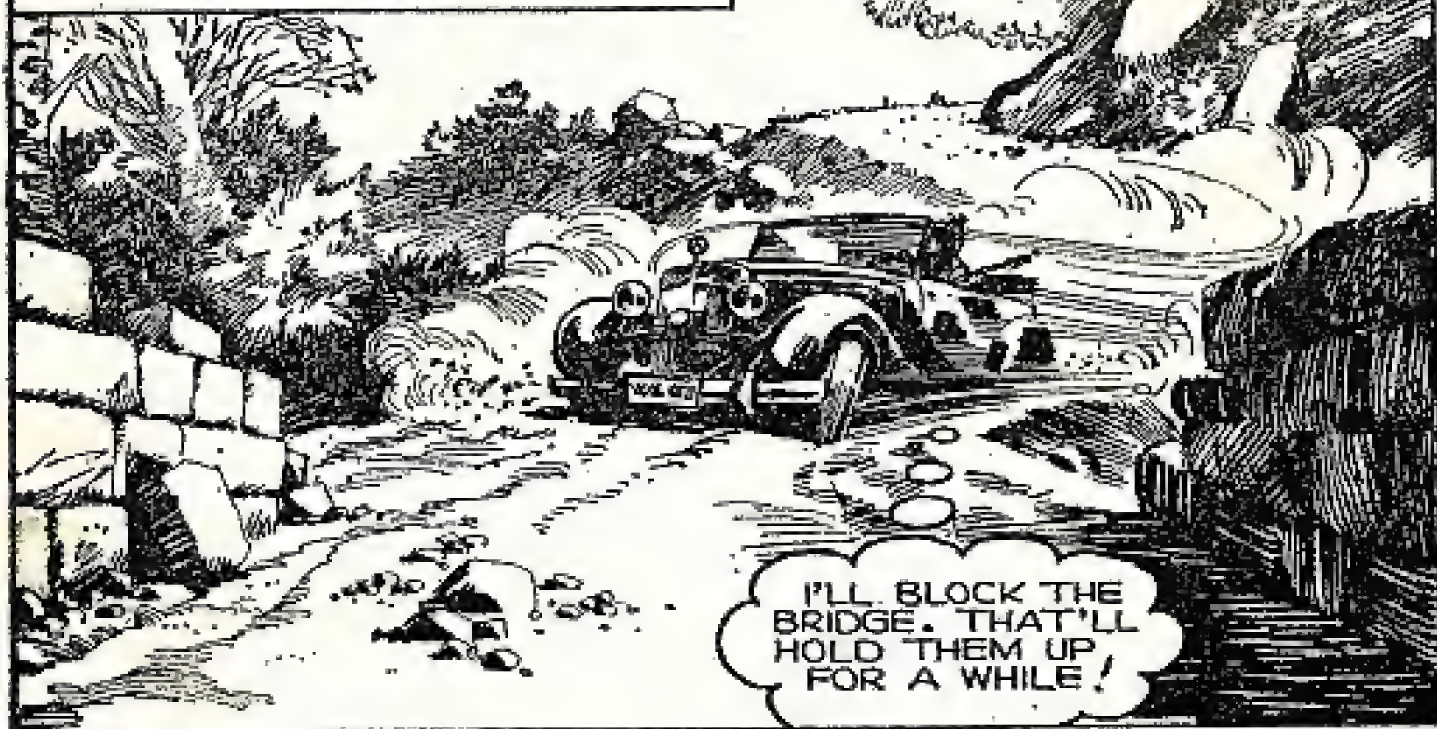


Chapter 4. **BATTLE of the BRIDGE**

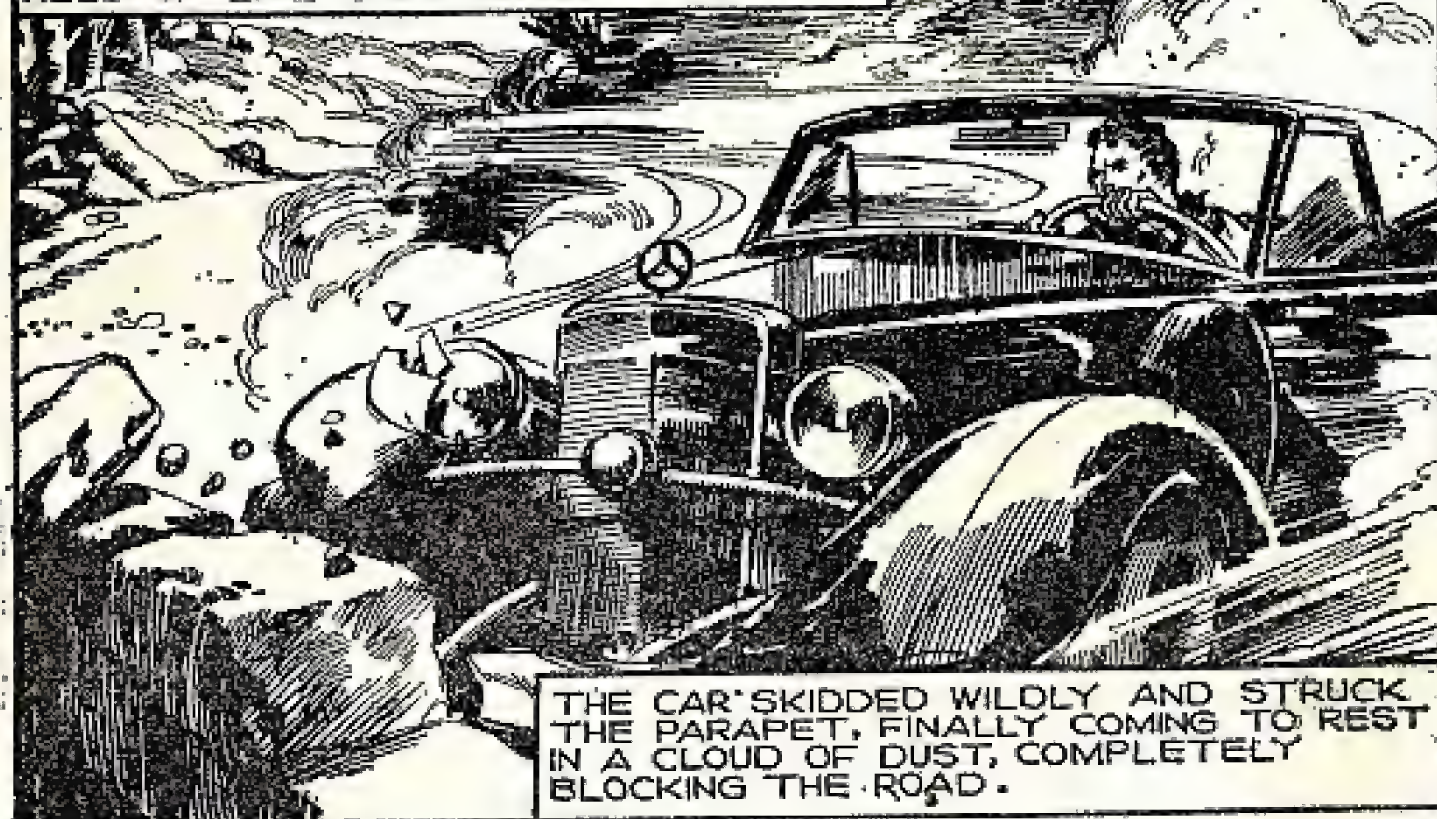
BACK AT THE RADAR BUILDING, TIME WAS SLIPPING BY. PRATNEY WAS ENGROSSSED WITH HIS INVESTIGATION, MUTTERING TO HIMSELF



MEANWHILE LACEY WAS HURTLING TOWARDS THE BRIDGE AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR. HE KNEW HE COULD NEVER THROW OFF HIS PURSUERS. HE MUST STOP -- AND FIGHT IT OUT.



SUDDENLY, HE STOOD ON HIS BRAKES, YANKED THE WHEEL SIDWAYS -- AND HELD ON LIKE GRIM DEATH.



LACEY CLIMBED OUT SHAKILY AND FLUNG HIMSELF BEHIND THE SPANDAU MOUNTED IN THE REAR OF THE CAR.

THERE HE IS!

NOW WE'VE GOT HIM!



BUT LACEY HAD ONE OF THE GRENADES HE HAD SNATCHED FROM THE GERMAN GUARD. TAKING CAREFUL AIM, HE HURLED IT AT THE LEADING VEHICLE.

CATCH THAT ONE, JERRIES!

HIMMEL! LOOK OUT!

BAIR 3421

THERE WAS PANIC IN THE GERMAN TRUCK AS IT HURTTLED OUT OF CONTROL TOWARDS THE STAFF CAR.



THEN LACEY TURNED AND RAN WITH THE SPANDAU AND TWO BANDOLIERS OF AMMUNITION. AS HE DID SO, HE FELT A SEARING HOT BLAST ON HIS BACK AS THE CAR BURST INTO FLAME.



NOT UNTIL HE WAS WELL CLEAR OF THE BRIDGE DID LACEY STOP AND TURN AT BAY. HE WOULD HOLD THE BRIDGE -- UNTIL HE WAS OUT OF AMMUNITION -- UNTIL THEY KILLED HIM.



COME AND GET ME, THEN!

AT THE GERMAN RADAR STATION, MAJOR SPICE'S FIRST VISIT WAS TO LACEY'S PLATOON.

CORPORAL TATE: WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE'S SERGEANT LACEY?



SOMETHING'S STIRRED UP THE PANZER DIV., SIR... THE SERGEANT WENT OFF A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO.

MAJOR SPICE'S FACE SUFFUSED WITH ANGER... HIS DOUBTS OF THE SERGEANT HAD MATERIALISED.



GONE? THEN IT'S LACEY WHO HAS STIRRED UP THAT PANZER DIVISION, THE HOT-HEADED FOOL!

Rapid Fire

SPICE REALISED THE EXTREME GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION -- AND GAVE HIS ORDERS TO MEET IT.

CORPORAL TATE!
IT'S NO GOOD STAYING
HERE WAITING FOR
TROUBLE ... TAKE YOUR
SECTION TO MEET IT,
AS QUICK AS YOU
CAN!

LOOK, SIR!
WHAT ABOUT THAT
TRUCK? WE COULD
COMMANDEER IT!



A FEW SECONDS LATER, A VERY SURPRISED BELGIAN LORRY-DRIVER FOUND HIS CAB SURROUNDED BY KHAKI-CLAD FIGURES.

SORRY, CHUM -- COMMANDOS! DOWN THERE -- JERRIES! SAVVY? WE NEED YOUR TRUCK!



OH!...
COMMANDOS
ANGLAIS!
TRES BON!

WITHOUT MORE ADD, THE OLD BELGIAN LORRY, LADEN WITH COMMANDOS, TURNED ROUND AND SET OFF AT SPEED IN THE OTHER DIRECTION.



HOLD
ON TIGHT,
LADS!

BON GUERRE, MESSIEURS!
VIVE ANGLETERRE!
VIVE CHURCHILL!

A MILE UP THE ROAD, IT SCREECHED TO A STANDSTILL AMONG THE TREES NEAR THE BRIDGE.

LOOK!
THERE'S LACEY!
HE'S BEEN HIT!

TURN THE LORRY
ROUND WHILE WE
GET HIM UNDER
COVER!



AS TWO OF THE MEN RUSHED DOWN TO DRAG THE WOUNDED SERGEANT TO SAFETY, THE OTHER COMMANDOS MAINTAINED A WITHERING COVERING FIRE.

HURRY! THEY'RE
BREAKING OVER
THE BRIDGE!

COME ON,
SERGEANT!

WE'VE GOT
TO STOP THE
TANKS! WE'VE
GOT TO!



EVEN AS THE DESPERATE COMMANDOS DRAGGED THE FRANTIC, WOUNDED LACEY BACK INTO THE COVER OF THE TREES ...

GET HIM INTO THE TRUCK--AND KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR THE WITHDRAWAL SIGNAL FROM THE HOUSE!

HERE COME THE JERRY TANKS!

CORPORAL, THERE ARE AXES IN THE LORRY. CAN WE BLOCK THE ROAD?



ALREADY THE GERMAN TANKS WERE FORCING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE MANGLED WRECKAGE THAT LITTERED THE BRIDGE.

IT IS SHIFTING...WE ARE NEARLY THROUGH, HERR MAJOR. A MATTER OF SECONDS...



MEANWHILE, PRATNEY HAD FOUND OUT WHAT HE WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE GERMAN DETECTION DEVICE...

THAT'S IT, MAJOR. I'VE GOT IT SEWN UP NOW.

THANK HEAVENS! I'LL SIGNAL THE PARTIES WE'RE PULLING OUT! YOU TWO SMASH EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!

LACEY'S PARTY WERE FRANTICALLY CHOPPING DOWN TREES TO MAKE AN ADDITIONAL ROADBLOCK WHEN THE CORPORAL SAW THE SIGNAL TO WITHDRAW. THE MEN NEEDED NO ENCOURAGEMENT TO MAKE A RAPID GETAWAY.


WATCH IT! JERRY FIGHTER!

TIMBER! THAT'LL STOP 'EM A BIT LONGER!

THERE'S THE SIGNAL, YOU BLOKES! COME ON!

X 201

THE MESSERSCHMITT WAS BORING IN FOR ITS ATTACK AS THE ANCIENT TRUCK CLATTERED AWAY ON ITS RETURN JOURNEY. THE COMMANDOS MET THE PLANE WITH A DISCIPLINED, ACCURATE FUSILLADE.

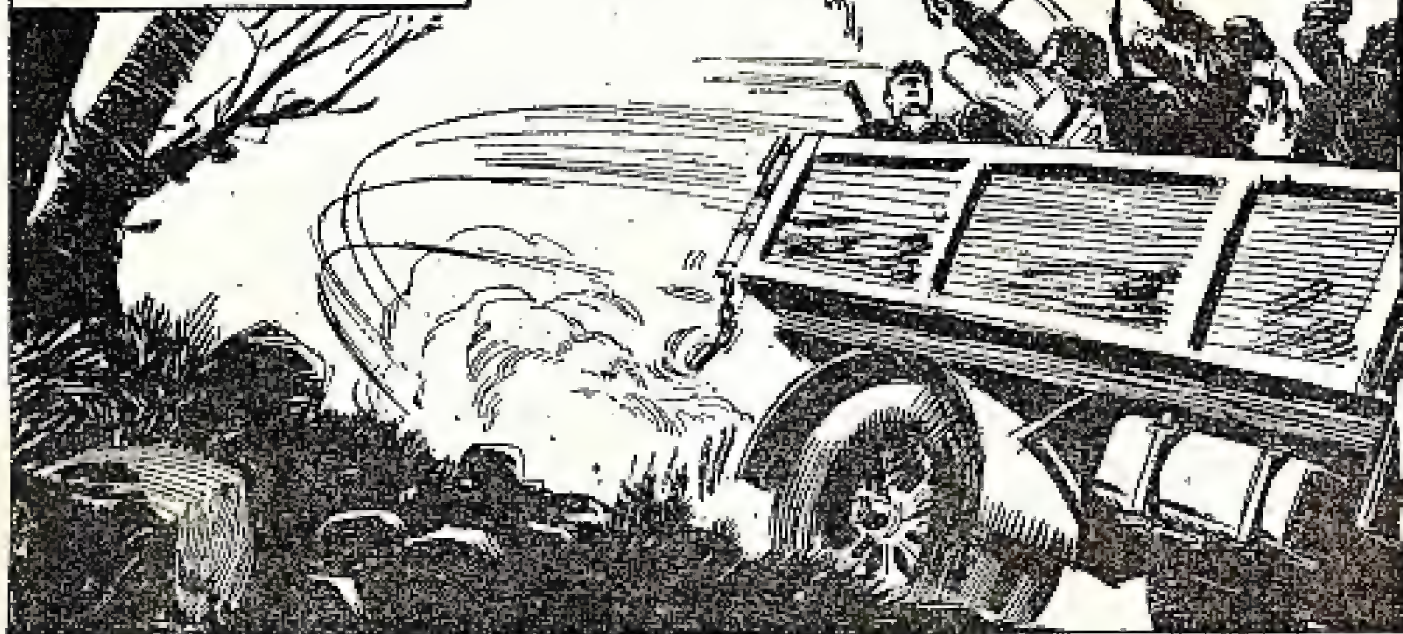


THIS BEND WILL THROW HIM OFF-- IF HE DOESN'T GET US FIRST!

Rapid Fire

THE DRIVER YANKED AT THE WHEEL AND TOOK A CORNER AT BREAKNECK SPEED. THE GERMAN PILOT OVERSHOT AND HIMSELF BECAME A TARGET...

LUMME, CORP, WE'VE HIT HIM!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE LAST OF THE PROFESSOR'S PARTY WERE HURRIEDLY LEAVING THE HOUSE.

HERE COMES THE LORRY NOW!



THEY HAD VACATED THE HOUSE IN THE NICK OF TIME. THE ONCOMING PLANE, COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL, PLUMMETED LIKE A BALL OF FIRE INTO THE WRECKED BUILDING COMPLETING ITS DESTRUCTION.

PITY, SIR! WE NEEDN'T HAVE BOTHERED TO SMASH IT UP, AFTER ALL.

THE LORRY BRAKED TO A HALT CLOSE BY AND THE COMMANDOS TUMBLED DOWN FROM ALL SIDES, TWO OF THEM CARRYING THE WOUNDED LACEY. ITS OWNER WAS THERE TO MEET THEM, GRINNING ALL OVER HIS FACE.

SPITFIRES COMING OVER! YIPEEE-E-E!

THANKS FOR THE LIFT, MATE! WE'LL REMEMBER YOU WHEN WE COME BACK.

AU REVOIR, TOMMY! TAKE PLEASE SOUVENIR BELGIQUE!

WITH SPITFIRES
CIRCLING
PROTECTIVELY
OVER THEIR
HEADS, THE
COMMANDOS
SCRAMBLED
DOWN TO
THEIR BOATS
WHERE THE
CREWS WERE
READY AND
WAITING.

CORN BEEF AND
CABBAGE FOR
GRUB TONIGHT!

GLAD TO
SEE YOU, SIR...
WE WERE
GETTING A BIT
WORRIED.

A VERY
SUCCESSFUL
TRIP,
LIEUTENANT.

AS THEY SPED HOME, SERGEANT LACEY LOOKED UP AT HIS OFFICER APOLOGETICALLY. HE WAS CHASTENED IN MIND AS WELL AS IN BODY.

I REALLY *HAVE* LEARNED MY
LESSON THIS TIME, SIR. I NEARLY
WRECKED THE WHOLE THING ALL
BECAUSE I WANTED TO
GET AT KLAUSS.

WELL, IT WAS A
FINE SHOW YOU PUT UP
AT THE BRIDGE, LACEY.
I DON'T THINK WE'LL BE
SENDING YOU BACK TO
YOUR REGIMENT.

THE RAID SOON PROVED TO HAVE BEEN A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS, IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE...

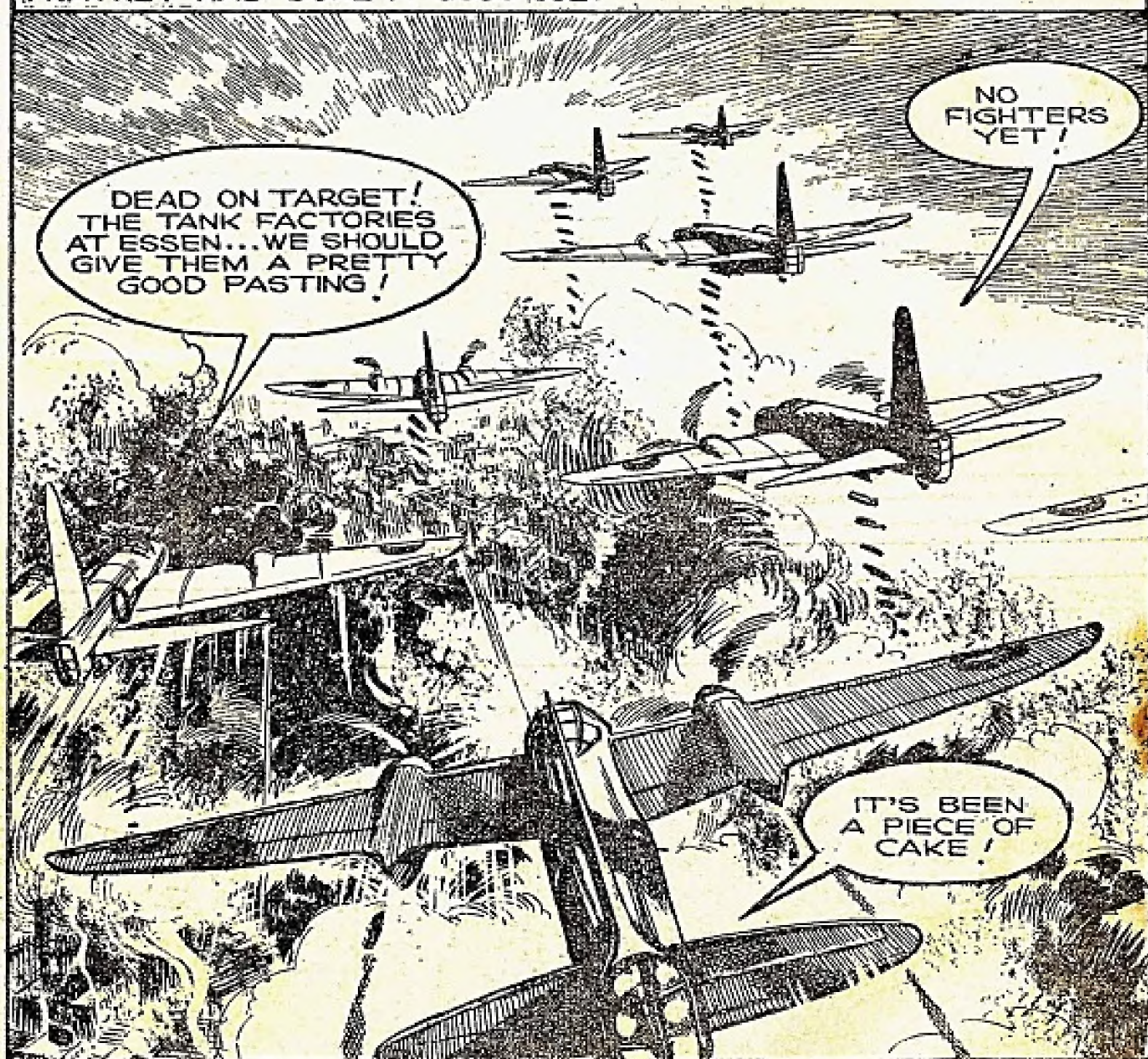


AND THE COMMANDOS WERE NOT THE ONLY ONES TO FEEL PROUD OF THAT DAY'S WORK. PROFESSOR PRATNEY HAD WONDERFUL NEWS TO TELL THE HIGH COMMAND OF THE R.A.F.



Rapid Fire

FROM THEN ON, THERE WAS NO MORE SERIOUS TROUBLE WITH BRITISH BOMBERS BEING INTERCEPTED BY GERMAN FIGHTERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE RUHR. THE COMMANDOS AND PROFESSOR PRATNEY HAD DONE A GOOD JOB.



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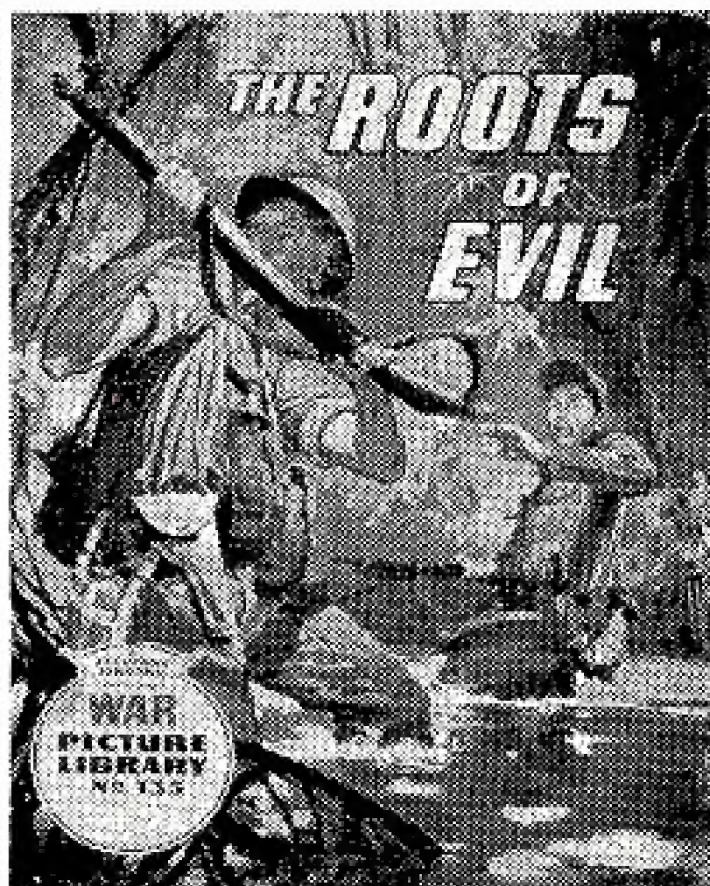
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